THE THIRD HOUSE.

"A shambles of the parliament house!"

3 *Henry VI.*, *Act* 1, *Scene* 1.

LETTER II.

OF LOBBYMEN IN GENERAL.

HY, good gracious! I declare I have quite forgotten to tell you what the Lobby is! I was actually about to set my watch going, without for a moment remembering that I had forgotten the key.

Had I the pen of Mr. RICARDO or Mr. JOHN STUART MILL, how nobly I could discourse upon the manifold beauties of the theory of Division of Labor; with what forcible language I could depict the practical working of that admirable theory, when applied to legislation! and how neatly, after I had done so would MR. RUSKIN pounce down upon me in the *Cornhill* and rip my exposition into argumentative tatters, in one of his grand articles under the appropriate title of *Conticuere Omnes*, or *In Sacula Saculorum*. But as it is hardly necessary to observe that I have not the nibs of those eminent writers, I must be content with referring you to the first chapter, in which I remarked in effect, only not so neatly, that the Senate and House of Representatives, being exclusively occupied with the shells of political bickerings, have between them left the oyster of the Public Welfare in the undisturbed possession of the Lobby.

Architecturally, the Lobby is the space which surrounds the Halls of either House of Congress, and serves as an ante-room or entrance chamber. But as we don't care anything about architecture just now, let us say that the political Lobby is that highly respectable and eminently virtuous body which surrounds the members of the two Houses, as the architectural does their Halls: the entrance chamber to their votes. It sees that our Representatives do their duty by voting for the right bills and against the wrong ones; it sees that justice is done though the Heavens fall; is the Tariff Bill before the House?—it sees that the manufacturing interests are protected: is a private bill pending? it gives the prudent claimant good advice, which, if he is unable or unwilling to follow, so much the worse for him. For patriotism? Go to! For friendship? Go to! For a consideration — — —

Yes, my friend, for a consideration, your little bill shall be put through. Yes, my dear madam, for a consideration, that little pension which you have been these ten years trying to get on account of your husband's services—wasn't it at Buena Vista that he fell, leading his company in that famous charge?—shall at last be granted to you. Yes, Colonel, for a consideration, that patent out of which, to be sure, you have not made more than one fortune as yet, shall be extended. Yes, gentlemen, wool, with which those free-trade fellows have been tinkering these twenty years, with their absurd notions about the raw materials of manufactures shall be made free, for a consideration.

Do I mean to say that bribery prevails to such an alarming extent? I don't. It doesn't. There are black sheep in every flock; there have been MATTESONS in Congress. But the flock is by no means black, and that estimable gentlemen has few disciples. If the Lobby is not too honest to bribe, it is at least too prudent. Bribery is a great mistake, and an awful word in most ears. Why hang the animal, when there are so many pleasanter modes of disposing of it? Why should they bribe, as long as there are dinners for the alimentaries; dear Mrs. JOBBY and her charming FANNY for the gallants; "evenings" for the fashionables; when old BOREE—that man knows everything and everybody—is thick with the rising politicians: in short, when they have a prop for every man's weakness?—and is not the world ruled by weaknesses? How will they know, those veterans, just how many votes they need to carry our little bill, and just where to find them when wanted. Bribery? Faugh! A low and expensive practice. Our Lobbyman knows a trick worth two of it. His talisman is Influence; its object is Jobs.

Don't you remember one of our favorite sketches of that wonderful artist, JOHN LEECH, in which his wonderful boy horrifies his wonderful old lady by exclaiming—"Now, grandmother, I've eaten the plums, and if you don't give me sixpence, I'll swallow the stones!" What a study it is. The venerable ancestor is completely in the boy's power, and of course we know the sixpence was forthcoming. Just so, you will find yourself in the Lobbyman's power; just so, you will be compelled to part with your sixpence. Give the sixpence, my friend, or as much more as the job is worth, and your bill will go through; refuse it, and he'll oppose it, tooth and nail, so effectually that you may whistle for the wind you expect to raise by its passage.

I recollect when I was in Congress (I had the happiness of representing the 35th district of New York, consisting of Onondaraugus and Wyoga counties, in 1841–42) and was trying to get an appropriation for deepening the Harbor of Gracchus, I thought I had succeeded in my object, and was chuckling over the prospective mortification of the city delegation and the powerful Lobby which the merchants had sent down here. If the bill had passed, we meant to have established direct trade with Europe, through the St. Lawrence, and so cut off the Gothamites entirely. Well, one day while I was in the House, franking copies of Mr. TYLER's last veto, and momentarily expecting my bill to be taken up and passed, up comes a page with this note, in a delicate female hand, which I at once recognised as dear Mrs. JOBBY's:

"Do, my dear Mr. WARE, come to us, old BENTON has been speaking all morning against the bank, and we want you to hear him so much.

4 o'clock. M. J.

P. S. I have something very particular to say to you."

"Lady's a waitin' in the Sennitgalry," says the page.

Of course I went to the Senate Gallery and couldn't get back again. Of course, dear Mrs. JOBBY was even more entertaining than usual, and her charming daughter FANNY never so fascinating—her mother and I both remarked it, at which the young lady became deliciously confused. I did once think—But, never mind! She married that horrid Captain EPLETTS, of the Quartermaster's Department, whom I never could bear; and when one fine morning I forgot how many thousand dollars of the public money turned up missing, of course it was I to whom those two women came and wept into getting the fellow let off, and allowed to resign by bleeding his wife's friends to refund the amount; I have been expecting the wretch to drink himself to death for a dozen years past, but those fellows never do.

Altogether it was one of the happiest hours of my life, and I declare I don't remember one word that old BENTON said, though I did hear he had been awful on the Bank. As we were coming down the capitol steps I met CUSHING. He nodded—we were very particular friends and boarded in the same house. "I suppose you know that bill of yours is defeated?" says he. "Where were you?"

Alas! so it was. And I had been—O MARIA! O FANNY! I have forgiven you for that, but you little thought of the consequences you were bringing upon your country. Had that bill passed, the wealth in which now roll the merchant princes of New York, would have been stored in the warehouses and floating at the wharves of Gracchus! When I behold what New York is, and think of all that Gracchus might have been, but for you—!

And I wasn't reëlected.

All my friends said it was a shame, but though I explained the whole thing to my satisfaction in the Wormwood Tocsin; though I strongly recommended twelve gentlemen of the highest character and standing for Postmaster, nominated sixteen for the collectorship, sent four promising youths to West Point, all of whom signally failed to pass the barbarous preliminary examination, and actually went so far as to have my opponent in the convention appointed to a small clerkship, it was no use. The stupid people didn't seem to see it. Mr. TYLER, when he heard of my defeat, wanted to give me the Spanish mission, but I yielded in favor of my friend WASHINGTON IRVING, who needed the place, and got it through my influence.

The other evening young CARRAWAY LEE, who is a mighty fine young fellow, by the way, and who generally drops in at night to read the papers to me (my eyes are not so good as they were), for the sake of my cigars and decanters, and intellectual conversation, showed me what he calls a "piece," which he says he wrote after

reading my last paper. While I wa looking over it, he warmed his coat-tails and tried very hard t appear as if he didn't care a great deal what I thought about it; miserable failure. This is the piece:

THE ANGEL IN T HOUSE.

BEN ADAMS, wearied by a dull d ite,
Dozed off, unmindful of his cou ry's fate
Evolved around him; as he dozi dreams
Of pleasing jobs and gain-compe ng schemes,
An angel writing in a book of gg
Appeared: and BEN, whom brass had rendered bold,
Seeing the angel of the Lobby sa,
"What writest thou?" The vis n raised its head,
And with a look which spoke a range mistrust,
Answered—"The names of men those claims are just."
"And is mine one?" said ADAMS "nay, not so,"
Replied the Angel.—ADAMS spok more low,
Winking with new-born joy of r ng hopes,
"Write me down, then, as one o KNOWS THE ROPES."

The angel wrote, and, as the Ho adjourned,
Vanished. But on the morrow i returned,
And showed the names of these hose chance stood best,
And lo! BEN ADAMS' name led the rest!

"What ADAMS is that?" says I; don't know him."

"Oh, pshaw!" says the youngs . "I might have known you'd say that. You think nobody an do anything good except yourself!"

"You impertinent young —! ever mind, my boy," says I gently, "we'll print the 'piece,' just o gratify your vanity."

You see I like to encourage the bo s.

ONE OF THOSE UNFORTUNATES HAVE BEEN SYSTEMATICALLY KEPT IN DARKNESS.

Putting a Ve-r ine Point upon It.

The following is elaborate:—

CHARLESTON, Jan. 5.—Mr. HUGER, P. M. of the United States at Charleston, has replied to Mr. HOLT, the P. M General, that he considers himself accountable to the federal government for the faithful d scharge of his duties, *by permission of the ordinance of secession.*"—*Telegram from Washington.*

Fine as silk. If any body can whip the devil round the stump closer than this, V. F. would li e to see it tried.

THE ONE-PONY EXPRESS.

Perhaps there is no kind of literature so revelled in by our local press as is the Descriptive. And for a nice little bit of Description, harmonious in tone and exquisite in finish, commend us especially to the *New York Express*. Under the heading "Skating Carnival in Brooklyn," thus the *Express*:

"On Christmas Eve the Mill Pond was covered w h skaters, and until a late hour, their heels glistened on the moonbeams." . . . . .

"As soon as the hour had passed when the inner m 'with good capon lined,' and those who know not 'grace before or after meat,' with others of every degree who live on hope deferred, wended their way to the pond aforesaid." . . . .

"Grey-haired veterans, who once on a time were deemed fast on gutters, were skipping along on flat bottoms with all the grace of parvenues."

VANITY (*loq.—to The Office Boy*)—Here, JAMES, you want to be an Editor some day, take these three paragraphs and review them.

Office Boy—Review, s'? Yes, s'. (*Goes to a desk and writes.*)

I wud lik to bee Down on the mill Pond Crismus. I love verry mutch fur too Skat. It must be So nice to Slid on the moonbeams.

(*Lets himself down from the stool.*) Mis VANITY please, what does this mean aft' "Inne' man 'th good ca on, lined?"

VANITY—Why, JAMES! Let me see it. (*Reads.*) "As soon as the hour had"—um—"and those who"—m—"with others"—what? (*editorial forehead is rubbed*)—"wende their"—(*editorial eyes pronouncedly open*). Well, never mind, JAMES. Go on with the rest.

AMES—Yes, s'. (*Goes on.*)

Sum ole men has ben verry smart when he wus a boy. We ar verry spri on a gutter misel with 1 Skat on. But we cant skip lik them gra hared Vetteran. Sum-times We slid down hill that wa. But — —— ——

(*Loq.*) "With all the grace of"—p-a-r—pa—v-e—ve—n-u-e-s—noos—"parvenoos." (*Takes down Worcester.*) Parvenoos—parvenoos—ah!—Parvenoo: an upstart. (*Writes.*)

And we allus cood jump Up easy to.

VANITY (*looking over the Office Boy's shoulder*)—Very good, JAMES!

LEDGE. LEDGER, LEDGEREST.

The above degrees of comparison were suggested to us by the discovery of a pun made upon the word "*Ledger*," by the Hon. EDWARD EVERETT, so long ago as October, 1858—which was a good while before he culminated his glory by becoming a contributor to the journal bearing that name. The curious prognostical priming referred to, flashed from the pan of the great orator on the occasion of the consecration of the new Light House upon Minot's Ledge, and the words, as given in a report of the period, run as follows:

"If Minot's Ledge could keep a Minot's Ledger, in which the value of every cargo that passes it could be entered"—etc.

From some unexplained cause, perhaps on account of the Minot's Ledge Light not being a cheerful one in which to view things—this sally of the great orator had rather a depressing effect than otherwise, upon the grave Boston personages around the festive ledge, who gazed upon each other in a sad manner, and then upon the speaker in a sorrowful one. And yet it was a splendid burst of genius, unapproached in playful brilliancy, perhaps, save by a famous witticism of a well known Pilot, who, when beating up the lower bay, once, in a Jersey lighter, was heard to say:

"If Sandy Hook would light his Hookah with this here Lighter, what a high old smoke we should have—eh?"

The Muscles of War.

In the construction of the great fortifications at Cherbourg, the French engineers have availed themselves of a curious natural resource. The shell-fish known as the mussel, or muscle, binds itself to piers and rocks with a strong fibrous ligament with which it is provided, and hundreds of tons of these valvulars are now sown among the great loose boulders of the Cherbourg breakwaters, to serve as binders.

And in this what a beautiful division of forces is manifest! for if Emperor NAPOLEON has furnished the Sinew of war for the construction of his marine forts, so has King NEPTUNE supplied the Muscles.

This medal is presented by Vanity Fair to James Buchanan, President of the United States, as a testimonial of respect for his MANLY and PATRIOTIC stand in defence of the rights of the Union.

THE ÆSTHETICS OF BOOTS.

II.

O thou invisible spirit of VANITY! If in the circle of thy magic sphere, when souls are out taking an airing, thou meetest mine, be it in Centaural Park or Irving Square or Hoboken, strike hands with him, as thou wouldst with a man on the swelling tide of prosperous fortune, and ask him up to drink.

I am not mad, most potent VANITY; nor drunk, though my horn is exalted; but——

Now By All My Hopes! (an exclamation I picked up from the walking gent. at the New Bowery), which are of the celestialest, rosiest red, I am the happiest man, VANITY, of all your joyous contributors.

I had been occupying my mind on the subject of Ladies' Boots, and was Prosing and Conning the several propositions in those lines by a true poet:

> "There's magic in a pretty foot,
> And well the ladies know it,
> And she who has a pretty one
> Is pretty sure to show it."

(The truth of the first of these said—or sung, as the reader or singer wishes—propositions, no one doubts; it is abundantly proved by the attraction which the little mice peeping in and out on a rainy day possess for the philosophic young Grimalkin, *sans purr et sans mus-tache*.) I approached the subject with all the palpitating awe of Celibascetic Middle-age. Tried to catch and individualize some of the myriad forms of Gaiter Boot tripping fantastically through my brain. It was useless though, and I yearned that the tuberose Crinoline could be a bud again, and disclose to us the wished-for secret in Bloomering Boots. But neither pet-p-Pedal nor petal would be curtailed or caught. So imagine my relief on receiving the following, from ARMINELLA, Angeliferous ARMINELLA!

LILY DALE, Dec.—

MY DEAR, *dear* MR. PHORNIOSTICUS:—I am in a perfect *flutter* of excitement. My poor brain has been in such a *whirl*, a kind of *exaltation*, you know, that I could not get one wink of sleep all last night. And I thought I would just sit right down and tell you all about it. I've read this week's VANITY FAIR. But of course you knew I had, you *wonderful* man! as soon as you set eyes on my agitated handwriting. O, I do so long to see you! But I feel as if I had known you since I was—O, ever so little! The soul affinities are *so strong*—don't you think so, Mr. PHORNIOSTICUS? What is the reason, I wonder? Can it be that your language awakened something sympathetic in my consciousness? Now don't judge my character by my *horrible* writing. But dear me! I know you will.

I had noticed that mysterious Something about Boots myself. I remember thinking at first that it was like what the *Saturday Press* said about Mr. WHITMAN's poems, "The meaning is subtle and well enveloped, eluding definition,"—I think that was it. O! those Boots of d'ORSAY's must have been *so nice*. I have seen something like them too. Ah! yes, it was at the Winter Garden, I think.

But why didn't you give us some more of the Representative Boots, Mr. PHORNIOSTICUS? You must have *so many* stored up in the chambers of your soul! O! I am going to make a collection. I've hunted *all over* the house, and I've got two pairs of common gaiters, one pair of Balmorals—boots, you know—a pair of satin shoes, and one odd slipper. And they look just for all the world like me. Now I'm going to tell you *some* of the Representative Boots I've thought of; and you must let me know whether they are *right*. And first have you *ever* noticed the *nationality* in feet. There is the English Boot and the French Boot; I *think* the difference is just the same as between the nations in soldierly qualities: one steady and unflinching, but awkward and plodding; the other full of fire and dash—and the French always shining with lacquer, like their conversational brilliancy, you know. And just think how our theory is proved (mayn't I call it ours?) by reference to the Chinese. Can they be *anything* but the feeblest of nations, when the *natural* expression of their women's souls is cabined in a little hard box—(iron isn't it?) You might as well look for intelligence in a *manumitted oyster*. [ARMINELLA here instances the shapeless feet of our negro help as a type of their unformed minds; but I, being a D. D.,* cannot entertain the argument, forcible as it is. At this Alarming Crisis, it is not well-judged.—A. B. F. P.] And in Manners, at the dinner-table, for instance, you see the Awkward Boots, heel-twiddling; the Business Boots, square-set and practical, lending poise to eat an American meal American fashion; and the Gentlemanly Boots, one knee-depending in well-bred *nonchalance* over its fellow. And then there are the Parrot-toed Boots, universally insidious, deceptive and cunning; our Indians are a good type. And the Splay-footed Boots, on the contrary, guileless, honest, and stolidly good-humored; type, Hob the Ploughman.

But I'm afraid you'll get tired of my scribbling, Mr. PHORNIOSTICUS. Now *do* write me a line, and say what you think of my ideas. I should like it *so* much. *Ever* yours,

ARMINELLA.

ARMINELLA, I will! Ah! artless but appreciative ARMINELLA! if you but knew the gush of joy your sympathizing words have brought to this bosom—yesterday arid as my Croton-bereft cistern!

o o o o o o o

Ah! in those good old days of Scriptural simplicity, when a spade was a spade, and had no conventional covering; when each man's conceived thought was born to the world's view, without a dimming, swaddling cloud between; when the Venus and Danæ of nude art were seen in the religious light of nature's truth,—then the Æsthetic was not among the Lost Arts, but the wayfaring man, though a fool, might air his dusty perceptions therein. The works of the Old Masters—MOSES, PLATO, and the rest—how bare are they of all serpent-suggested figleaf covering! A hero is evoked; lo! a stripling with his sling and a smooth stone from the brook—

And whither tends all this, does the Reader ask? Here: Or ever the Buskin strode this earthly stage, when Spatterdashes were not, nor had Galoshes smothered in triple folds the life hidden within, was there not the Sandal, the earliest form of the Boot?

O! could we but return to those days of primitive honesty!

Then, and Now. As the brave old fireplace, with its cheery blaze, to the subterranean subtleties of the modern heating apparatus; as the open, beaming countenance of an Avenue belle, in habit, hat, and high feather, to the dark-eyed mystery beneath the Spanish mantilla.

Could we but return to the Sandal period, how visible would be the hopes and joys, and fears and sorrows, the levers which move the world of Society! How would we show the cloven foot! Be-

*Evidently Doug. Dem. Which of course has nothing to do with Divinity.—V. F.

ware, ye Bulls of Wall-street, lest a thong from your si ie be then taken to scourge you withal.*

* * * * * * *

I did intend to record the manifes ations of the world s progress, as seen in Boots of the period, from ie Sandal epoch to the present time. In England, the almost contemporary grafts in Architecture and in boots, of the Pointed Style—when on one occasion, the gallant cavaliers hacked off even the gracefully curved and dearly cherished integuments of the latter, and laid them on the hard-fought field, the shrine of their country's glory. The bourgeoning and blossoming of literature and art and enterprise n the Elizabethean era, the time of the founding of Virginia by ALEIGH, and of the circumnavigation of the g obe by DRAKE, when HAKESPEARE wrote, and when the fruitful mind of the age budd rosettes on the all-adaptive Boots. But as I intend publishin a an early date the result of many years' observation and study of the Æsthetics of Boots, I must invoke the ixious Reader's patience.

Beaming benevolently down on us from your "dim and tenuous effluence," VANITY, allow yr. ob. st. to say Adieu.

ALDI BARONDI FOSCA PHORMIOSTICUS.

"ONCE MORE UNTO THE BREACH."

O the Editor of V. F.:—I have a row to pick with the man who signs himself M.T. HEAD U. S. C. U. S. It is a black crow, a very black crow. In fact, I should not wonder if it turned out to be a crow

"——as black as black could be,"

as saith the poet (in Goose, we believe, if not, J. G. B—N—TT.)

M. T. HEAD has called me the "Disagreeable man." Well, I have no objections to that title, you know. People who spe k the t uth are often called disagreeable, and with reason. For i stance f M. T. H. were to ask J. B. or BOOLE, or ENRIGHT, or the whole ty governm ent of New York, who was the most disagreeable perso they knew, or, *who knew them* —why, with the velocity and eagern s of an urchin liberated from school, or of a Georgia pig rushing pon an unexpected shower of corncobs, they would reply—VANITY R! But opinions differ. You, dear V. F., are personally aware of th greatness of my mind. You know that I am above being affecte by the re marks of a personal nature, made by the young man of he name o HEAD. When he calls me "the Disagreeable man," I aze upon im through the S. M. (not Sarcasm Man, as he blindl terms it, ut smoke of my meerschaum) with indifference and magnanimity. But that the young man of the name of HEAD h angered me, I will confess. He has. I am amazed, indignant, a l—and—and mad, I am!

Oh, V. F.! Old boy! *Do* you know what this man "has been and gone and done?" Do you know th crime of which he has been guilty in sending to you a piece of c mpositio n, entitled, "Wardroom Wind"? (By the way, I've ways th ught a wardroom wind was a blow-up with the catere How is it?) He has done the most impudent and unpardonabl thing on record.

It was kind o' imperdent in THES s—leaving ARIADNE, warn't it? It was slightually cool for BRUT s to kill CESAR, and then try to justify himself, warn't it? It was decidedly brassy for RICHARD, Duke of Gloucester, to court KING KENRY's widow, just after he had murdered her husband. Some people say it's impudent for BOUCICAULT to produce plays in his p culiar w y—about which the less said the better. It was rather bold for J. B. to send out that ferocious message of his to "a excited populace;" warn't it! Yes it was. *But when a man of the name of* HEAD *writes a piece for* VANITY FAIR, *commences it with a quotation* (and poor at that) *from the New York Ledger!!!!*

Oh! what shall I say? V. F., *did* you know that verse was from It? From IT! J. B. writes for it—yes. COBB writes for it—yes! J. G. B. writes for it—yes!! But, *that* VANITY FAIR *should quote from it!!!* Shades of—of! The subject is too umbrageous for me. I'll quit it, or I shall bust.

And, besides, it ain't true. Look, for instance, at this verse:

"The line we follow is not *base*, though we follow a *base* line."

Now, you know, they *don't* "follow a base line." They invariably leave the base line behind 'em, and proceed from it! Again he says:

"We are Surveyors of the coast, in weather dark or fine."

Now, that ain't so. For they can't survey in the dark. To survey implies seeing, and people can't see in the dark. Strictly speaking, every man in the dark is a sort of modern R. C. (Robinson Crusoe) and is, therefore,

"——monarch of all he surveys."

If M. T. H. surveys the coast in the dark, I pity him; and do not envy him his crown and dominion. Especially if that dominion happens to be Barnegat bearing W.S.W. distant ten miles, with the thermometer down to 40° Fahr., and a gale from E.N.E.

But beware, D. M.! You are attempting to criticise a "Pome" from IT! Oh, horrors! Forgive me, VANITY, and I will offend no more.

To return to M. T. HEAD. I next call upon the P. P. (Professional Punster) of V. F. to vindicate the character of the paper, from the aspersions that will be cast upon it by those who see that awful pun "*Coast* Survey!" made by the Sarcasm Man, was it? O VANITY! I sadly fear the S. M. is yet young, and will not live long. Then why has he hid his candle under a bushel-basket, until now? *Why, ah why?* and—No, "echo" *don't* "answer why"—(you can't come that on me, reader), but we'll let the S. M. answer why—when we get through with him.

In the next place. See here, you fellow; you—you HEAD of the Coast Survey. You can't do this, you know; you really CAN'T! It won't do! I know all about the C. S.—I do. My Aunt REBECCA ANN was intimately acquainted with the mother of a young C. S. O. (officer, you know.) It won't do for you to talk to me about staterooms in the wardroom of a Coast Survey Schr. That's really trespassing on good nature. There *are* cords, M. T. H.! Do you take such beings as V. F. and the D. M. for Jollies, M. T. H.?—or for third class Boys, M. T. H.? STATEROOMS!! Gods of the Steerage! Why, from the aged female relative, above referred to, we received, this morning, a Dispatch, stating that there were no staterooms in any schr. in ye Coast Survey—nothin' but berths! Oh! go away, now! That's good, ain't it? The fact is, M. T. H., you've not done well. You've roused the D. M. thinking you had him, the moment you came the nautical. But it won't do. It distinctly will not jibe. You didn't haul that mainsail of your's soon enough, and the result is, you're in irons: or as old DOYLE used to say, (know old DOYLE, M. T. H.?) your "main-to'-gallan'-s'l 's gone over into your foretop!"

Do better next time, M. T. HEAD. And, above all things—Oh, beware! beware that you bring no more vain oblations from IT! For they are an abomination to VANITY and an ill savor in the nostrils of the

DISAGREEABLE MAN.

*The reticent A. B. F. P. should reduce his ins more o the level of the average mind. Who but VANITY could discover tha ou must take a dip-thong from a Crœsus to whip him to a Crisis?—V. F.

Not so bad for Brooklyn.

The N. Y. Correspondent of the Philadelphia *Press* writes that "the senior partner of a House in New York which recently failed, lived 'in a quiet way' in Brooklyn and spent $167,000 in ten years." Will any gentlemen resident in the City of Churches favor us with a few statistics of the expenses of living in a fast way there? We have been for some time in the receipt of a magnificent income as Editor of VANITY FAIR, and although living at a slashing pace, we find a startling sum to our credit in bank at the expiration of the year, and have therefore had serious thoughts of dividing our stupendous balance among some of the needy rich men of New York. If we could get the figures we might be induced instead to remove to Brooklyn, in the hope of dissipating it luxuriously. No doubt we could get rid of a respectable sum by going in for the first choice of a pew in BEECHER's Church, but what can we do with the six figure item which would still remain on the first of January?

Redpath.

The Path to Hayti.

THE PRIMPENNY FAMILY.

BY FITZ-HUGH LUDLOW.

(CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER III.

The two friends pitched down the staircase in the darkness, and rushed into the middle of the ten Cuban gentlemen who were making row enough for a hundred. "Caspitas"—"Carambas"—and other expletives less consistent with the principles of sound morality were flying about like paper bullets and doing quite as harmless execution. Dark men now darker than ever were shaking invisible fists over the balusters, and consigning Mrs. McCrowder to a variety of unpleasant destinies in a diversity of incorrect English. Mr. Primpenny and Mr. Muffles wickedly fed the flame of patriot ire, by reminiscences addressed to unknown ears of the number of times which the same thing had happened to the gas during the last fortnight, references to the Croton, the table, the bell-pulls, and the character of Mrs. McCrowder's generally. While prosecuting this benevolent work, they were startled by the apparition of a candle at one of the doors in the same entry, and in a moment that dreadful character the landlady herself, who unbeknown to them had been paying a visit to a third-floor boarder, dawned on the tumultuous scene like a stern goddess frowning down the front of battle.

"Good Heavens!" whispered Mr. Muffles, "that's the old woman! And I've been promising her that little bill for a fortnight. Hurry, Old Boy, only one chance to save us!"

The stairs to Mr. Muffles' room being in plain sight of the outraged goddess, that one chance was confined to the room right at hand belonging to the Cuban Junta. Before Mr. Primpenny could say nay, Mr. Muffles had pulled him in through the open door, and thrust him by his side, under the bed belonging to a fierce patriot known as Don Alonzo Fernando Miguel Canastro de Bassuras!

"Look here, Muffles!" said Mr. Primpenny, when a moment's reflection had awakened him to the inelegibility of his position, "this is absurd, I say! Let's get out of it! I'll pay Mrs. McCrowder and thank you for the chance. My nose is full of feathers."

"Stand it! Stand it a little while, Old Boy, if you love me!" whispered Mr. Muffles hoarsely. "Wait till she's gone! I can't look at her! I may be a coward, but I can't! Oh you don't know that terror-inspiring female! For Heaven's sake, stand it! We'll creep out just as soon as she goes down stairs."

Outside a rapid and voluble conversation commenced between Mrs. McCrowder and her boarders, consisting of mutual recriminations mutually unintelligible from the fact that the former was ignorant of the Spanish equivalent for "No gentleman," and the latter could not think of the English expressions for bad meat and scanty vegetables. Thus, though multitudinous weapons of offence lay in the mental armory of all the combatants, the battle came to a speedier conclusion than is usual in such cases, from the warriors not being able to lay their hand on them. Teague in the meantime was attending to the meter in the basement—and a strong savor of returning gas summoned back the Junta to its room, just as Mrs. McCrowder sailed majestically down the stairs in massive silence. Mr. Muffles was on the point of sticking out his head to get ready for a rush at the door—when a member of the Junta struck a match—light blazed forth again—and the doom of the two comrades in misfortune was sealed.

"Oh! Hang you, Muffles! We're done for! I'm an inch deep in dust! I swear I'm breathing solid chunks of scraped carpet!" Mr. Muffles' only reply was a groan of agony. The Junta locked the door and took their seats again. The business of the evening commenced, and as the two unwilling witnesses felt pretty sure that they would never have another opportunity of studying a Junta, also that this study was the only amusement offered by their present cramped circumstances, they propped themselves on their elbows and looked at the grave conclave through a couple of the holes in Mrs. McCrowder's bed-quilt.

In the first place, each of the patriots takes out a small paper receptacle of cigarettes, and with the solemn courtesy of an ambassador siguing a treaty, offers it to his neighbor. Neighbor accepts, and reciprocates with *his* small paper bundle. Mr. Muffles whispers that exchange is no robbery—but also, perhaps no treat. Then follows a moment of breathless silence, during which everybody rolls his little tobacco in his little paper with the gravity of one conscious that the eyes of despotic Europe are upon him. The cigarettes are lighted. Glasses of thimble size are filled from a wicker flask—and a pleasant odor of maraschino floats through the room. Then a tall and thin man of the sombrest color and expression possible to a professedly white patriot, arises and reads a paper lasting through ten cigarettes. One word in every six is Libertad. When it isn't Libertad it's very likely to be Despotismo. And if it isn't Libertad or Despotismo, the chances are fair of its being Muerta. Liberty, Despotism and Death! the most magnificent things having been done about them on paper, there is a thunder of bravos. Immediately a fat man with voluptuous double-chin, twinkling, dinner-loving eyes, and a white mustache, which has just been dipped in the third glass of maraschino, leaps to his feet and begins reciting a poem upon the glories of Self-Denial for one's country. The Spanish patriotic poem is peculiarly interesting even to ears that cannot comprehend its precise meaning. It is so sonorous! It evidently expresses such terrible feats, such salvation and destruction to be done by somebody to somebody or something else. Mr. Primpenny and Mr. Muffles prick up their ears. They don't understand one word in fifty, but they like to hear it. This is the way a verse sounds to them:

Quando el relampago caramboluche RIMBOMBA
Libertad el Demonio Sacramentissimo lingo!
Del Despotismo splendor y Muerte Rataplangoel TROMBA
Grande fulgor al Diavolo Viva Hi Jingo!

"That's really magnificent!" whispers Mr. Primpenny. "What a patriotic sound that "rimbomba!" is, Muffles!"

"There's always a 'rimbomba' in it somewhere. The old gentleman who's repeating the poem read it to me one day in the entry. 'Rimbomba' occurs fifteen times. They never make a patriotic poem in Cuba without putting in the Rimbomba—it's against the laws of composition."

When the poem was done, six gentlemen arose in succession and expressed their readiness to die for liberty. One of them went so far as to say he hoped to be garroted in the course of the next few

years, but refrained from specifying the time more particularly. Another offered to lead any small body of patriots who would like to spend an odd evening in taking Moro Castle and assassinating the Capitan General. And last of all, the fat gentleman who had done the Rimbomba, declared he was ready to retire to rags and starvation could he but rest his dying eyes on liberated Cuba. After which a collection was taken up to pay for supper at Maillard's. All might now have been well with the prisoners under the bed but for the fact that at the connection of starvation with Maillard's, Mr. Primpenny gave way to that evidence of existence

known as a snicker. In an instant the keen ack eyes of all the patriots were aflame in the direction of the d-quilt, and a simultaneous shout burst from their lips of "Es ! Espia!"

"Oh the devil!" groaned Mr. Muffles. " e in for it."

The sombrest of the patriots drew near th tal covert with a step like the Avenger in Bowery Melodramas! He lifted the quilt, and silently pointed at the wretched pair. One of them was instantly recognized.

"*Mil Diablos!*" hissed the fat poet. "Y are zat accursed Muffel!"

"*Si Senores!*" said the sombre man with smile of fiendish cruelty, "and ze accur-r-r-r-sed Muffel has or confederate. Yes, sir! Come forth if you please. Ve vill kill direct-e-ly."

With these encouraging words, the sombre assisted Messrs. Muffles and Primpenny into the exterior l. The excited throng gathered around them, threatening i diate extinction. Several of the younger members of the Jur made bare their sword-canes, and threatened at the same time life of miscreant and friend by making tragical lunges withou ny particular aim at anybody.

"Muffel," said the sombre man with that e cold sneer that meant horrible cruelties, "You are ze e-s of Despotism. I have long in my mind zink zat zing, I a now secure of ze t-r-r-ath. Ze villain who be wit you, vot his atr-r-r-r-ocious name?"

"Sir!" said Mr. Primpenny, picking the fea rs out of his hair, "You are personal! No man dares to cal villain twice! Don't do it again!"

Ha!—to please you I call r-r-rascal! polt r-oon! zis-time! Now sir, you declare to me vat ze infamous g r-na-ment of old Spain pay you to get under ze bed of Don Alon Fernando Miguel Canastro da Bassuras?"

"By Heavens, Don Alonzo!" said Muffle getting irritated. "What do you think Spain cares for your bed

"Care for *my* bed? Sir, it is a patriot's ! And two villains are ze men who get under it! But you annot assassinate *me*, Muffel! Nor ze other e-spy, your confeder Confess it im-me-di-at-e-ly! Or you two die o ze spot!"

At this instant the Junta cl ed in arous their spok sman, some handling the sword-canes a resaid and hers suggestively feeling in the bosom of their wa coats. M impenny and Mr. Muffles advanced the right leg, and prepare to hit at least one straight left before they died.

A piercing scream came throu h the key-hol "Fire! Murder! Thieves! Help!" shrieked a female voice outs e. The youngest and most gallant patriot of the Junta forgot re nge in chivalrous regard for the weaker sex, and rushed forward ar opened the door.

I do not say that Mrs. McCrowder's daught Ann Eliza, had been looking through the key-hole. Mrs. McC wder would have scorned such an imputation with regard to any e in her house. But it is certain that by some method Ann iza had become acquainted with the peril which hung over that scinating young man, Mr. Primpenny. The moment that a re was sufficiently open for the passage of her fair but somewhat bust person, she rushed into the middle of the ferocious patrio scattering their slender forms on all sides of her, and claspin Mr. Primpenny around the neck, exclaimed:

"You shall not—no! you shall not kill th ole youth!"

After which the new Pocahontas fainted away in the arms of the man to whom she had brought salvation. Vengeance was nonplussed. Malice could not stab through th lifeless form of Miss McCrowder. The Junta bit their nails, and d devil in Spanish a large number of times. But they permitted r. Primpenny to bear his unconscious burden unmolested into the try, and unwilling to act on the principle that half a loaf is t than no bread, refrained for the present from immolating Mr M les on the altar of Liberty. Don Alonzo Fernando Miguel Can ro de Bassuras, taking that unfortunate youth by the coat sleeve ected him after Mr. Primpenny, hissing in his ear as he went, "*Amor-r-r-row S-s-e-sim! Tomorrow!*"

"I suppose you mean good-night," said Mr uffles. "Well, Good-night, Junta."

When Mr. Primpenny stood in the entry he ealized for the first time what had happened to him. He h d a ung and lovely female on his hands! Her light brown cu s w straying over his vest, on the watch-pocket side. Her eyes v e closed, showing their long silken lashes to the greatest adv tage against a cheek of pearly white. The color of the orbs be h those fringes was fortunately not unknown to him; their dazzlin blue had flashed with the lightning of woman's heroism as she ood amid the infuriated throng. Her small white hands were ast disclosed at the bottom of those long flowing sleeves, which gr fully depended at her sides, in the abandon of unconsci sne like limp-wet handkerchiefs from a summer clothes-li e. r right foot, adorned with a neat bronze slipper and a stocking handsomely clocked, projected beyond the front breadth of her chiné silk, and suggested rather than disclosed its graceful continuation. The young and lovely female rather inclined to embonpoint—and as the first excitement of the occasion passed by, Mr. Primpenny realized this fact to the extent of about one hundred and forty pounds averdupois. This amount of beauty was on his hands. Now, the question was, what to do with it?

Fortune at this instant favored the escape of Mr. Muffles from patriotic fury. As he reached the head of the hall stairs, where Mr. Primpenny was holding up his lovely burden, braced against the wall, he half recoiled at the sight of Ann Eliza McCrowder—and seemed hesitating whether, after all, it might not be best to rush back and throw himself on the mercy of the Junta. But Mr. Primpenny whispered entreatingly, "For heaven's sake, catch hold, old fellow!" and with a sigh of fearfully tried friendship, Mr. Muffles assisted in bearing the insensible Ann Eliza down three pair of stairs, to her mother's parlor in the basement. Here he was about to beat a precipitate retreat, but at that instant Mrs. McCrowder opened her door. At first she cast a look of agony upon her offspring, and then she fell upon the shoulders of Mr. Muffles, bursting into tears. After exhausting this feminine means of relief, she dried her eyes, became composed, and invited the two gentlemen into the parlor. Mr. Muffles entered like a convict visiting Sing Sing for the first time. Mr. Primpenny followed him dreamily—both of them together forming a compound expression of feelings united by Ann Eliza as a hyphen. Depositing that lady on the sofa, they stood facing Mrs. McCrowder, in perfect uncertainty what to do next.

"Mr. Muffles, give your friend a chair, if you please," said Mrs. McCrowder, in broken accents.

"Oh, beg pardon!" replied Mr. Muffles; "Mr. Primpenny, Mrs. McCrowder."

"Happy to know Mr. Primpenny," returned Mrs. McCrowder. "Mr. Primpenny will you have the kindness to bathe Miss McCrowder's head? Slap her hands, too, if you please. Mr. Muffles, would you help me to bring some cushions and the smelling salts? Oh, thank you! sorry to give the trouble."

Mr. Muffles followed Mrs. McCrowder in a rapid incursion into the next room, uncertain whether she didn't mean some dreadful operation when she got him there—smothering him with pillows, like the babes in the Tower, for instance, and selling his clothes afterward. But there was no help for him, and thus he retired, leaving Mr. Primpenny and unconscious loveliness alone.

(To be Continued.)

A FEW NURSERY-RHYMES.

For Governmental Infants.

I

Rockaby J. B., at Government's stop,
Howe'er you may blow, the State's "on a Rock:"
When the banks break, and Cabinets fall,
Down comes Government, J. B. and all!

II.

Godard B——, his father's son,
Stole some Bonds and away he run;
This job so neat could not be beat,
And bonds are selling on the street!

III.

Sing a song for sixpence, of matters all awry,
Three-and-thirty Sovereign States knocked into pi!
When the safe was opened the Indians had to sing . . .
Wasn't Floyd a pretty man, to wink at such a thing?

IV.

Forney in the kitchen, eating bread and honey,
Bailey in the Treasury, pocketing the money;
Luckily, Buchanan's reign is nearly at a close,
But what will happen next year, Goodness only knows!

Query.

Paris, Dec. 21.—M. De Lamartine's paternal estate of Milly had at length been sold.

Why does the sale of Lamartine's paternal estate make him a very rich man?

Because, having ne'er a Milly, he must now be a Millionaire!

Sewerage at the South.

Talking of recruits for the army of South Carolina, a Southern paper says that the drainage in that way is greater on the tailors, perhaps, than upon any of the other trades.

Well, there is nothing surprising in that. Wherever Drainage is carried on to any extent, it is sure to result in a run upon the Sewers.

To The Hon. Joseph Lane.

You talk of fight and bayonets, O, unsuccessful JOE,
But your way to gain a peace is hardly *my* way, Man,
And really, I should think you might be old enough to know,
That a Common LANE should never be a Highway Man!

Remark, by a Student of Languages.

The terminations of words are often very significant. Thus, we see that the Ancients denominated all songs adapted to the Lyre, "Lyrical." Whatever partakes of Satire, we term "Satirical." And, if followed to its natural Termination, we should decide that Mayor WOOD's proposed Empire, is Empirical.

The Diph.

It was once a favorite remark among the Romans, as our readers may possibly have heard, that "I am a Roman citizen." In Pittsburgh, however, they say, "Let us have another drink." It is the difference between Rome and Pittsburgh to which we would invite the careful attention of our readers.

By Our French Contributor.

New York Mud—B'ugh!

"ANOTHER IMPORTANT SERVICE PERFORMED BY THE POLICE IS THAT OF THE EXAMINATION OF BOILERS."—*Governor Morgan's Message.*

Policeman.—"THAT 'ERE WATER BILIN, SAMMY?—WELL, MAKE ME A TOM-AND-JERRY, HOT AND STRONG."

EXTRACT

From an Interesting Letter to The Tribune, from its Charleston Correspondent.

And much in the style of that Young Person.

o o o The news here is of little consequence just now, but I am happy to state that The Correspondent Of The *Tribune* is quite well, and, as yet, unmolested. There was some excitement in the neighborhood of the Arsenal last night. Quite a crowd was assembled, and I went down to see what was the matter, when I found they were discussing The Correspondence Of The *Tribune*. Some thought that GREELEY was in Charleston, disguised in a black coat and hat. Others thought differently, and the matter was pretty well canvassed, but they little suspected that The Correspondent Of The *Tribune* was listening to them. o o o The Correspondent Of The *Tribune* takes this opportunity to thank Col. JENKINS for the loan of a jacknife last week, and desires to know if Col. J. doesn't wish he may find out who the Correspondent Of The *Tribune* is. Affairs seem growing quiet, and it is not likely that any force will be resorted to immediately. If there is a rupture, however, the first move will be to hang The Correspondent Of The *Tribune* . . . if they can catch him! o o o I regret to say that since writing the above, I have caught a severe cold, in the earnest and indefatigable prosecution of my duties as Correspondent Of The *Tribune*. I shall, however, continue my letters as usual, whenever anything of consequence occurs. At present, the only excitement worthy of note, is concerning the identity of The Correspondent Of The *Tribune*.

[Our only hope is, that the "first move" mentioned by "The Correspondent Of The *Tribune*," as likely to follow a rupture, may speedily be realized!—V. F.]

A Journalistic Mot.

"Sir," said the Young Divine, to X., "is there nothing that could tempt you to read a religious daily?"

"Nothing in *The World*, sir!" replied X.

THE GALLANT BUCCANEER.

Bold Don FERNANDO
Said to his crew;
Up with the black flag!
Down with the Blue!
Fire up the death light
Of treason aglow!
And on our own hook,
Off let us go!

Others when storms come
May stand to the wheel,
Then comes our time, boys,
To strike, rake and steal
Each for himself lads,
As all of you know,
So up with the black flag,
And off let us go!

See the fat merchants,
Rich as can be.
Wait till we get them,
Well out to sea!
Gad! but I'll teach 'em
A gay trick or so,
When under the black flag
Away we shall go.

Good-bye Columbia,
Good-bye to all!
Dance, lads, for Charleston
Has opened the ball.
Let Madness and Murder
Set blood aflow,
So up with the black flag,
And off let us go!

MISERRIMA.

It was a starving mother,
And she huddled a starving child,
In a garret bare, where the wintry air
Wailed through the cracks with a sound of despair;
Wild! wild! wild!

Against her ice-cold breast
She pillowed her infant's head;
And its moans grew fainter as it sank to rest—
Dead! dead! dead!

With a glassy eye she gazed
On its little wasted form,
As she gathered around her more closely the rags
That had helped to keep it warm.

Shivering there in the cold,
Where the very air seemed to freeze,
Thus she worded her stern complaints,
With her dead child on her knees:

"I've never a tear to give, darling,
For the loss of thy little life:
Better to die than to live, darling;
If thou and the world were at strife.

"The heartless world's decree, darling,
Was issued long ago,
Condemning thee and me, darling,
To a dreary life of woe.

"But shame on the legislation
That would force a mother's eye
To watch, from sheer starvation,
Her helpless infant die!

"And shame on the wedded mothers
Whose marble virtue stones
Their hearts against their sisters'
And a dying baby's groans!

"Their ostentatious pity
Is not for such as thee—
Banned for thy mother's trusting
And thy father's treachery.

"'Tis easy for parsons to cheer one,
And prate of resignation:
They've never watched a dear one
Dying by slow starvation.

"Mammon pays for their teachings;
Their lives are in plenty led:
What care I for their preaching?
They never wanted bread!

"The curse of a childless mother—
The curse of a heart forlorn,
Fall on the pitilesss world that has murdered—
Aye! *murdered* a child just born!"

With this curse did life forsake her—
From her garret cold and drear,
She went to seek from her Make
The pity denied her here.

GOOD COMPANY.

When the mind has been condemned to dwell for a protracted period upon the severe classifications of science, or permitted to revel with too reckless an *abandon* in the trim gardens of elegant literature, there is a recuperating contrast to be found in such assorted catalogues as the following. It is an advertisement from a phrenologist, who, in describing his collection, says:

Where may be seen a cabinet of some thousands of skulls, busts, portraits, etc., from all parts of the world, including flat-headed Indians, Caribs, Chinamen, Esquimaux, Egyptian mummies, pirates, robbers, murderers, thieves, boxers, including HEENAN, SAYERS, MORRISSEY, etc.; soldiers, GARIBALDI, VICTOR EMANUEL and others; clergymen, lawyers, physicians, Statesmen, and other leading men. Examinations, with charts and full written descriptions of character, daily.

The establishment referred to in the above appears to us to combine the advantages of HAMLET's soliloquy in the grave-yard, with those to be derived from an inspection of deceased gorillas. It is cheerful to know of a place where all conventional restrictions are left at the door on entering, hung up like overcoats, and ticketed for return to the owners as they go out. In that place we have a splendid categorical margin for our mental arrangements, as it seems to be quite a matter of taste whether the BENICIA BOY, GARIBALDI, the King of Italy, HENRY WARD BEECHER, Rev. CHEEVER, "and other leading men," are to be classified as flat-headed Indians or pirates. There is a terrible sense of retributive justice associated with that place, where "leading men" are recognized only as such, without any reference as to who they lead, and whither; and where they are compelled to go hand in hand for the public gaze, with their specialities as "leading men" fused in one splendid paragraph. Imagine, for example, some of the *Herald's* Leaders obliged to take their place beside a selection from the *Tribune's*; or a lot of our old fossils by whom the Prince's ball was arranged, propped up in the same rack with the Egyptian mummies. In the distribution of "charts and full written descriptions of character," it is quite possible, of course, that mistakes should now and then occur; and here it would be interesting to know whether such blunders, as giving the wrong paper to the wrong man, were of any consequence after all, or whether the chart of the leading politician would not generally answer for the leading pugilist, and *vice versa*.

Only Nineteen Years Old.

A correspondent of one of our city dailies has been among the bright Ofaratas on the Yaqui, which, as you all know, is mixed up with its tributaries, the Rios de Opaswra and Sahuaripa.

The Ofaratas, we are delighted to learn, not only oppose the Levantamientas of the other Indians but are also great on the run—in fact, one may say Immense. As you may see by the following ex:

"I recollect one instance in which a servant of mine—an Ofrata of 19 years—ran after me a distance of 100 miles, and this in a single day, and while I was on the back of a magnificent horse."

That'll do, JOHN. No more die at present. Let's see—first the horse went a century of miles in a day—then Our Special went his century on the horse's back—and then, Lo (the Poor Indian) kept up with both!

It isn't every day that three such get together. Give us a cigar.

New Words Wanted.

We must have a new nomenclature for immediate use in Washington. The pleasant little operations recently performed by Mr. GODARD BAILEY show that what we have heretofore been accustomed to call "Securities," and "Safes," may be exceedingly Insecure, and wretchedly Unsafe.

By Telegraph. Important if True!

Initials of the President Elect of the New Southern Confederacy:—N. R. K.

THE THIRD HOUSE.

"A shambles of the parliament house!"

3 *Henry VI.*, *Act* 1, *Scene* 1.

LETTER III.

HE FASHIONABLE LOBBYMAN.

Why do we hear so much of the hardness of the road which our young men have to travel in order to get on in the world? I declare, when I see a fond parent blindly condemning his boy, the pride of his heart, to the fierce competition of over-stocked professions or the drudgery of trade, I feel almost tempted to lay my hand upon his shoulder, after the traditional manner of the police, and say: "My dear sir, consider what you are about to do. Why should you subject your son to all this hardship? Do you choose a profession for him because it is respectable? Do you put him in business that he may make money? Here, sir, is a profession that is respectable, here is a trade that is money-making. Let him join the Lobby." And then it requires no capital. Only Brass.

Put your boy in the Lobby, then, if you wish him to achieve fortune. And let him set aside such childishness as modesty, and truth, and honesty, and manly worth, and the weed conscience; for these will be of no more use to him in his profession than an electric telegraph to a Flat-Head Indian in the prime of aboriginality. Mere useless lumber.

Of all the branches of trade carried on in the Third House, there is none that can be conducted so pleasantly and on so slender a brassy basis, as that of the Fashionable Lobbyman. He is made of brass, and a dress-coat and continuations of the latest agony, of kids, of back hair, of a moustache, and a smile, and a bow, and small-talk. Altogether he is a nice young man, for a small tea-party.

There is that fellow KIDDARS, whom you meet everywhere, and who knows all the latest particulars about everybody, who is intimate at all the houses where it is worth his while to be intimate. He came originally from no assignable place in Pennsylvania, and nobody knows who his father was, or indeed what he himself was, before one evening he emerged suddenly from nowhere in particular, and was on terms of violent *deux-temps* and *redowa* with all the reigning young ladies—whom he returned to their mammas with such exquisite politeness—and had his impudence dashed (only they used a much naughtier word) by young MALMSEY and NED COBOURG, who glared at him fiercely as he whirled off with their princesses, hustling the indignant gentlemen back on the toes of their neighbors in the pleasant little way that dancers have.

"Dash his impudence, who is he?" says DICK MALMSEY (who sports a bar-sinister in delicate remembrance of the unfortunate Duke of Clarence from whom, they say, he is somehow descended) in the intervals of partridge, or *paté*, or the inevitable oysters in every style of indigestibility, with which mankind solaces its interior at parties, "after the ladies have been helped."

"How should I know?" says COBOURG; "I never saw the fellow before. Some dashed snob or other that old Mrs. BANGLES has picked up. One of old BANGLES' constituents, I suppose. Just dump some of that chicken salad on this plate, will you. They never do have enough clean plates at this house."

But JACK KIDDERS is not the man to be put down in this style. You have all heard somebody's version (if I knew the author I should take off my hat to him) of the questions they ask about a new man in society. In Boston, "what does he know?" In New York, "what is he worth?" In Philadelphia, "who is he?" But in Washington—O, grand climax! "What is He?" Is it not true? They do. Society in our grand metropolitan village doesn't care the removal of a postmaster to know JACK KIDDARS' mental and literary attainments, or the state of his finances, or who his papa was; for society is aware that he is a *protegé* of Mrs. BANGLES, and that GENERAL BANGLES is Senator from Arizona. And when young MALMSEY goes, as he will, with his growl of respectability to his friend, Miss NIMINY, that charming young lady will reply, with a toss of her admired head, "You men! What nonsense! Why we met them at Mrs. BANGLES'!"

Why should KIDDARS care what the men say? It is not his department. He does the wives. Incidentally, he does the daughters. He knows that every ball-room has its ballot, as the Scotch proverb ought to have said. He is up to parliamentary snuff, I can tell you, and, as I once heard facetiously added, a pinch or two over.

He knows, too, that people will presently cease to ask who he is, and that, three weeks after he has made his appearance at Mrs. BANGLES', no party would be complete without him. And then he moves from WILLARD'S, where he has been staying, and takes "rooms," meaning one, at the old place, at the corner of Alabama Avenue and J. street, where so many good fellows have been before him; where he beguiles the young men that he thinks it best to cultivate; and where, after a while, even the aristocratic COBOURG and MALMSEY are persuaded to smoke the Havanas of peace and smack their gracious approval of his Chestnut Grove or Burnsides' best.

And now JACK goes everywhere, and everybody is glad to see him, or says so, which to be sure is the same thing. If you go to Mrs. HAMMERCLOTH'S "Thursdays" you will meet him there doing the agreeable by the sickly light, made up of gas-glare and muffled sunlight and dark curtains, and opening of doors into the day without, and flitting of human shadows, that some people seem to consider indispensable to a well regulated "Thursday." And at Mrs. ROBINSON'S, whose husband is in the cabinet, he is a welcomed guest, and is the happy man who arranges the dancing list, with such an overwhelming majority in favor of the round dances on the evenings when Mrs. R. is "at home" to twice as many persons as the house will hold; much to the disgust of poor DICK MALMSEY who thinks dancing at "receptions" a low thing and a nuisance. "They never used to do it till the ROBINSON'S came," he says, despairingly.

JACK is just sufficiently attentive to half a dozen young ladies, whom he considers "good," not to be said to be attentive to any of them, and he has quite thrown off Mrs. BANGLES by this time, finding her protection needless now, and thinking there are better fish than the old General. He tells the NIMINY girls such funny stories, how the old lady used to run after him, and amiably ridicules her little differences from the doctrines held by the late Mr. MURRAY, and the low set in which she travels, as he expresses it.

And so the season rolls round, and with it the session, which indeed makes the season in Washington. Every now and then you may hear it asked in a general gossipy way, "What's KIDDARS doing here?" "Spending the winter," says CARRAWAY LEE, the young fellow who wrote those queer lines about Mr. ADAMS and the angel. "Wants to get in the Marine Corps, I bet; all those fellows do," says COBOURG, who is as he himself states, a d—d clerk. "That's what I said," says CARRAWAY; "only KIDDARS is rather ancient for the Marines. He's getting to wear his head considerably balder than he used; and when a fellow's been knockin' around as he has, I tell you he gets no younger awful fast."

What do men do when they "spend the winter" in Washington? When nobody knows anything about them, when they go everywhere and do nothing, and live well and have plenty of money about them, and never seem to get any from anywhere? JACK KIDDARS has been "spending the winter."

Do you know it's a very singular thing, but I never could tell why JACK became all of a sudden so devoted to that scraggy Miss LOBB? It was just after Governor LOBB, her papa, who was in the House, was put on that committee. About three or four days before the end of the session, JACK was actually reported as engaged to the girl; but it turned out there was nothing in it after all, for JACK denied it flatly, was much hurt, would hold any man, &c., &c., wounding lady's feelings, &c., &c. I met him about that time talking with JOBSBY in one of the parlors at WILLARD'S. JOBSBY is one of the leaders in the Lobby. He smiled as I came up, and said JACK was a very promising young man, whereat the very promising young man blushed his only blush, so far as I have heard, and had an engagement. "How's times," says I, with a conversational disregard of grammar, when he had gone. "Pretty well, sir," says JOBSBY; "pretty well, sir. Yes. I got a bill through yesterday, that'll put a right smart little pile into my pockets (at that time occupied by his hands). Yes, sir; old LOBB put it right through in no time. Monstrous smart man, Governor LOBB is. Know him, don't you?"

H'm? I thought. Ah! What's all this about? Is it a case of 2 + 2. Scraggy Miss LOBB, the old Governor, JOBSBY, bill, pockets ———.

JACK KIDDARS left Washington a few days after that. You see, he had "spent the winter" there.

A CHANCE FOR LAREY.

Larey (reads) "HAVING UNDERSTOOD THAT YOU HAVE FOUND IT AN IMPOSSIBILITY TO PROCURE A SUFFICIENTLY INTRACTABLE CREATURE, ON WHICH TO DEMONSTRATE YOUR FAVORITE THEORY TO YOUR PERFECT SATISFACTION, I SEND YOU A MAYOR THAT YOU WILL FIND AS SELF-WILLED AND REFRACTORY AS YOU COULD WISH."—*Gen'l Public.*

MARE! MAN?—WHY THIS IS———

Ostler—A DONKEY, SIR!—WHO-O-A, FERNANDY!

THE RISING OF THE AFRITE.

A good old story always bears a new application. Few are better than that in "The Arabian Nights" of the Fisherman who netted from the deep sea "a bottle of brass" from which when opened flew a tremendous evil Afrite, "whose nostrils were as trumpets; his eyes like lamps, and he had dishevelled hair." He had been sealed up by SOLOMON.

Years ago the Wisdom of America sealed up a terrible Afrite—the devil of dissension and anarchy, and threw it into the ocean of the future. The fishers in troubled waters—the VANCEYS, TOOMBS and KEITTS of our day have found the bottle—they have opened it. . . . .

Ha! what tremendous Fiend is it that bursts madly out! Furious, and devilish he threatens ruin—death! The fierce Afrite—the Awful Discord.

The fisherman of the old story had the wit, however, to conjure the Afrite back into the bottle. Have We the wisdom to do it? Can Our fishermen find the means of wiling him again into his old prison? Oh let them haste. for if there ever was "a time of storm and pressure," as the old knights called the day of the bitter threat, it is now.

The Language of Vegetables.

(As translated by recent authorities.)

In the Treasury. Leeks.—*Cobb on abstractions.*
In the Interior. Cabbage.—*Bailey on Bonds.*
In the War Department. Late Squash.—*Floyd on Failures and Frauds.*
In all of the above. Small potatoes.—*Peel on Facts.*

The worst kind of Tan for Curing dissension.

The Puri-tan.

Turn about, but not Fair play.

What Mr. THOMPSON turned. Pale.
What Mr. BAILEY turned. Tale.
What Mr. FLOYD turned. Tail.
What J. B. will soon turn. Re—to Wheatland.
What he ought to have turned the three first named parties long ago. Out.
The turn they are expecting next. Key.

Good from Nazareth.

To accept one's fate, the Christians say,
Is a very great virtue every way,
And rare in people of lofty station;
Our Ministers, then, should carry the day
In point of virtue, for surely, they
Are distinguished for Resignation!

A Chance for the Wide Awakes.

Mr. LINCOLN, it is hoped, will appoint none but Wide Awakes to his Cabinet. Since the Country can then hope that the guardians of its funds will not be liable to fits of abstraction.

To Senator Wigfall.

Since Cotton is King, will it seem very sinister
To nominate Hemp as a useful Prime Minister?

By our Double Entendrist.

"Ladies have tendered their services at the Fort."—*Charleston Telegram.*

Query: Beau-fort?

THE RISING OF THE AFRITE.